

EXHIBIT 2

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actually quite obvious. If you're at all intelligent or smart, you could always see the symptoms. Because after a while when you're taking all that ganja for all those shows, one person performing 25 or maybe 30 songs for the night, consecutively, after a while you're going to need something more heavy to keep you in that frame of mind or riding on that high.

Bob always seemed so high. I guess he always needed to get more, get higher.

And then there was the matter of "Bob's special jug," which remains mysterious to me to this day.

David Madden and myself, as horns men, we're always close buddies and we'd share whatever we could whenever—food, whatever—and we got in late for a show and decided to raid the Wailers' fridge.

When we went in, I wanted to make sure I knew what I was drinking because I'm a little scared of the blended stuff. If I don't know what's in it, I'm not gonna trouble it. But Dave's remark was "egg, I'm in the red!"—in other word, if it sucks, I'm there, if it's mixed up, I'm in it too, whatever. Dave always wants the best of what's happening.

So I had some orange juice (I think) but Dave went for the more... shall we say "exciting" drink. It looked exciting of course. It was Bob's jug of... whatever it was, I don't know. Something he took to get onstage, a blended drink especially prepared for Bob.

Dave had a glass full of Bob's drink and immediately realized it had a very negative effect on him. Onstage, David is always the most responsible and focused musician all the time. He is really the best, one of the best musicians who doesn't make mistakes or anything. He's very thorough and he does a good job so when he was feeling the effects of the drink and told me "Glen, if I'm making, any mistakes tell me", I was truly shocked. I couldn't believe what was happening.

Then as we were playing, I realized that he was leaning on me. Apparently he couldn't stand on his own feet then and then I had to switch parts right there because he was playing very mildly instead. The boldness had gone out from his

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instrument. So I had to play the melody wherever he had it cause sometimes I play the harmony and he plays the melody. I had to play the melody straight now, the melody line, just to keep it interesting.

After the show—that was at one of the early shows at the legendary Apollo Theater in Harlem, we had two shows that day—we would normally take like a half-hour break and come back to do the next show. Or maybe an hour. That day we had to stay for over two hours because we had to lift David off the stage and revive him in some sugar water, a big bowl of sweet water that helped to revive him. He laid flat on his back like a boxer that had just been knocked out, I'll never forget it. It's always a laugh when we remember it.

Dave learned his lesson and never touched Bob's juice again. He wouldn't even touch anything that he didn't know what exactly what it was! So that was our first experience of whatever Bob was having to be so energetic on stage all night. For Bob it was o.k., he could take it.

I don't know what was in that jug, but I'm sure that some powerful ganja was there, or maybe some other mixture of some other drugs. I'm not into the drugs so I wouldn't know. But for it to have that kind of effect on Dave, it must have been some really special stuff.

On the road, Bob would say a lot of parables sometimes because he never like to offend anyone. He would speak sometimes in twofold or threefold. If you don't understand it you wouldn't understand exactly what he was saying. He was a mystic kind of person.

For example, at some point it became clear to us that he wanted Dave and myself to quit Zap Pow and be with his group permanently, but at the time it was difficult for us to leave our own band, to join The Wailers. We would have liked to, but it wouldn't be nice to leave a group that was our own, and people were depending on us.

We didn't know what to say at the time, and we didn't want to offend him either. He was trying to prod us on by saying to me things like "It's a fool who thirsts in the abundance of water." Or, "why stay on the dry side of the meadow

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